

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

Travels through England, Wales, and Scotland, in the Year 1816. By Dr. S. H. Spiker, Librarian to his Majesty the King of Prussia. Translated from the German. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 608. London, 1820.

THE author of these travels, a gentleman who ranks high in the literature of his native country, and who holds the office of librarian to his Prussian Majesty, visited England in the year 1815, on a literary mission. He had already been engaged for several years in the study of the history, constitution, and literature of Great Britain, and felt anxious to become acquainted with its internal perfection and improvement. After remaining in the metropolis some months, of which he gives no account in these volumes, intending it for a distinct work, he set out on a tour through the country, in which he visited all the principal manufacturing towns in England and Scotland.

Dr. Spiker is warmly attached to this country; his work is dedicated to 'the Friends of England;' and he appears throughout the whole of these volumes, to feel much pleasure in paying that homage to our superiority in arts and manufactures to which we are entitled. The nature of this work is so modestly and yet so justly stated in the dedication, that we shall quote it, and thus make the author his own critic:—

"If," says he, "I may be allowed to claim merit in this publication, it is that of never having described any thing which did not actually come under my own observation, and of having in the description been solely guided by my own unbiassed judgment. But I have confined myself to mere indications, and spared the reader what he can supply, as well as myself, if not better. If it should be thought that my descriptions are not sufficiently *poetical*, I must freely confess, that I find too much poetry in those of many other travellers; and besides, with respect to myself, I am of Martial's opinion:—

"Quod sis esse velis, nihil que malis."

"To speak unfavourably of a country in which I was kindly received, and where every unprejudiced visitor will meet with the same reception, I felt to be contrary to my nature. Whatever appeared to me less perfect than I had been led to expect, I described agreeably to the impression it made on my mind; and I have done justice on the other hand, to all that I found really praiseworthy or excellent."

The doctor is a close observer; imagination, perhaps, never had a less share in any work than the present; every thing that fell under the eye of the author worthy of notice, is described with fidelity, and with that minuteness which is peculiar to German writers. There are none of the silly details respecting which modern tourists interlard their works; nor is there any appearance of trifling throughout the whole.

Without detaining our readers by noticing the exact

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route in which our author travelled, or accompanying him from stage to stage or town to town, we shall extract a few of his most interesting descriptions. At Worcester, Dr. Spiker visited the China manufactory of Mr. Chamberlayne:—

'The manufactory itself, and the numerous buildings belonging to it, occupy a considerable space of ground in the vicinity of the Register Office. The materials used consist of flints from Kent, and a kind of greenish granite, from the neighbourhood of Truro, in Cornwall. The clay, after being moistened, is kneaded by a number of boys, and the articles are then turned in a potter's wheel, cut off when they are dried, and again turned on the wheel, when they are burnt in a round wide oven, which diminishes towards the point, where it has an opening, and which resembles the furnace in a glass-house. To prevent the articles from losing their shape, which is a frequent defect in other factories, clay hoops are put in the cups, &c. for the purpose of preventing their shrinking while they are burning. In the painting room we saw nearly thirty persons employed, the most of whom were engaged on a service for the Princess Charlotte of Wales, which was not in the best taste. Some large tureens for the Prince Regent were also in progress, the ornaments of which were borrowed from the mantle of Charles I, lately found on opening his grave at Windsor. In the polishing-room we found only women employed, who were polishing plates and other articles belonging to a service intended for the Marquis of Salisbury. It was very simply ornamented in red, black, and gold, with the arms of the marquis and the initials of his name in the centre; a general custom among the English nobility, all of whom have their arms on their plate and china. The vessels are placed in the oven on triangular iron stands, the feet of which are pointed below, and open at top, so that one can be fitted into the other, and the vessels are placed between them. The vessels in which the china is burnt, are made of bones pounded and burnt for the purpose. The machine for preparing the clay, is set in motion by a steam-engine of six-horse power.'

Birmingham afforded a fine field for the inquisitive traveller, and most of the manufactories were visited by our author, with the exception of the works of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, at Soho, where strangers are seldom admitted. From Birmingham our traveller went to Mr. Spode's manufactory, at Stoke—afterwards to Sheffield,—to the foundry of Messrs. Walker, where the iron work for the Southwark Bridge was at that time preparing. Of the Peak Cavern, in Derbyshire, we have the following interesting description:—

'A guide attended at the inn, and we soon proceeded to the Peak Cavern, which is at the distance of a quarter of a mile. After ascending an acclivity leading to the entrance, we perceived this cavern before us, which is more than forty-two feet in height, ninety feet long, and about one hundred and twenty feet in breadth. The rock above the cavern forms a perpendicular ledge, overgrown in a few places with bushes. A few small houses appear close beside the masses of rock, on the right of the entrance to the cavern, which are also covered with bushes. There is a house, or rather a hut, in the

cavern itself, inhabited by yarn-spinners, whose operations extend the whole length of the cavern; and this, combined with the dark atmosphere caused by the smoke issuing from the chimney of the hut, affords a most singular appearance. The water drops down on every side, and the light of day gradually diminishes as we advance into the interior of the cavern. Towards the end of the great hall, the roof becomes lower; and as soon as we came to what is properly called the entrance, the guides were obliged to light their torches. The rock in this place descends nearly to the ground, which being almost covered with water, we were obliged to stretch ourselves at full length in a kind of open cask, filled with straw, in which two persons can lie beside each other; and in this manner suffer ourselves to be pushed across the water by the guide. Further on, we came to another pool, which we crossed by stepping on stones laid for that purpose, although this requires great circumspection, on account of their being very slippery. In this manner we wound our way through the cavern, until we reached a place where the roof comes in contact with the surface of the water, and renders all further advance impossible. Its entire length may be about 2250 feet. Several of the most remarkable places have their peculiar appellations: as for example, the Chancel, in which there is an elevation resembling a pulpit, which is lighted by the children of the guide, and produces an astonishing effect; and another cavern, shaped like a bell, called the Great Tom of Lincoln. In this latter place, the guide ignited some gunpowder, the explosion of which caused so violent a report, that for several seconds we were apprehensive of being deprived of the faculty of hearing. At the public house there is a table of the charges for these experiments, as for example, "price of the blast, two shillings and sixpence."

The doctor, on visiting Leeds during the fair, was surprised that the horses were of very middling quality, as he heard Yorkshire was famous all over England for its breed of horses. The doctor is, perhaps, no great judge of horse-flesh; and, therefore, we will quote him on another subject, in which he appears more *au fait*. Still speaking of Leeds, he says,—

'Shortly after our arrival we went to the coal wharf, to see the arrival of the coal waggons, which are set in motion by steam machines, and bring the coals from the mines, at the distance of about six English miles from the wharf. It is a curious spectacle, to see a number of columns of smoke winding their way through the country. As they approach we see them more and more distinctly, till at length along with the column of smoke, we also perceive the waggon, from which it descends, dragging a long train of similar waggons hooked to it, which give it the appearance of a monstrous serpent. The whole of this column moves upon an iron-road, constructed for the purpose, having places close to each other, into which the teeth of the principal wheels in the middle enter, which wheels are put in motion by the steam engine in the waggon, that impels it along the road. The other four wheels, which are smaller than the principal one, and without teeth, (if one may use the expression,) are like the whole of the waggon, of iron, of which material the other waggons, twenty-one in number, hook to the machine-waggon, also consist. The machine itself was only of four-horse power; but it impelled the waggon along with so much velocity, that I was obliged to move at a sharp pace, indeed almost at a trot, to keep up with it. A labourer, who (as it is called) feeds the machine, and clears away the ashes, sits on the waggon, and stops it as soon as it comes to a side road, where any waggons are to be unhooked, in order to be drawn by horses in some other direction. For this especial purpose, smaller paths are made, deviating from the principal road. It is worthy of observation, that the force of the machine is so great as to impel the waggon up a kind of terrace, where it is overturned, when the load runs down in the wharf over a wooden scaffolding.'

Pursuing his course northward, our traveller visited the ancient and splendid mansion of the Duke of Northumberland, Alnwick Castle, of which he says,—

'This noble palace, the exterior of which immediately carries us back to the ancient times of chivalry in England, is one of the largest and best preserved in Great Britain. Alnwick Castle was not constructed for show merely, but, as we learn from the historians and chroniclers of the kindom, it was destined in the earliest times, for a strong bulwark of England on the side of Scotland; and its destination is distinctly pointed out in the numerous figures of warriors as large as life, which appear in every variety of warlike position on the battlements of the towers. The entrance, like that of Warwick Castle, through a large gate between two high round towers, opens into a spacious court, surrounded on all sides by walls with high battlements, bearing here and there marks of repairs, which, however, have been executed so much in the style of the original edifice, that they do not in any manner destroy the impression of the whole. All these repairs, both in its exterior and interior, with the embellishments introduced into the latter, which are in like manner perfectly in the spirit of old times, were executed by the father of the present duke, at an expense of not less than 200,000*l*. The part of the castle in which the family reside, stands on an artificial elevation in the centre of the inner court. A superb winding staircase leads to the apartments in the second story, in which every decoration is borrowed from the rich store of models of Gothic architecture in England. The state bed-chamber, the drawing-room, the great dining-room, and the family dining-room are embellished with richly ornamented ceilings, in which the principal colours of red, green, and yellow, are exhibited to the eye in every variety of combination. The library, a room of sixty-four feet in length, is light and agreeable; and the collection of books extensive and well selected. Among the manuscripts which came under our notice, we found Henry Coventry's correspondence with several foreign ambassadors of his time. The chapel is a master-piece in the art of decoration. All the ornaments are executed in green and gold. For the ceiling, the chapel of King's College, Cambridge, has been taken as a model; and the west window of York Minster has served as a model for the great window. The paintings on the walls are borrowed from those of the cathedral at Milan, and the genealogical table of the house of Northumberland is interwoven with them. The chapel is fifty feet in length, twenty-two feet in height, and twenty-one in breadth. It contains a richly ornamented sarcophagus of white marble: in the Gothic style, erected to the memory of the deceased duchess by her surviving consort. There are no paintings, statues, antiquities, &c. in this castle, as the late duke caused all his treasures of art to be removed to Sion House, a magnificent country seat on the banks of the Thames, near London, for which he had a great predilection, and where he chiefly resided.

'The apartments for the servants are in the towers; the stables, like every thing else, are in the Gothic style; they are in the first court, and will contain more than one hundred horses. Part of the keep, where many a poor prisoner probably languished in former ages, is under ground; in that part of it which is above ground, we were shown some old patara-roes, with the stone balls belonging to them. Some Roman inscriptions, dug up in the neighbourhood, attracted our attention; one of them related to the Legio II, Augusta, which was probably stationed in this neighbourhood, had the Roman eagle as an ornament on both sides. Several iron cannons, which are fired on particular occasions, are placed on a part of the broad castle wall, facing the park. This park is very extensive, (being about thirteen miles in circumference,) and among other remarkable objects contains a large round tower, one hundred feet in height, in the Gothic style, from which there is said to be an excellent prospect. It stands on the

summit of a hill, and may be seen at a considerable distance from Alnwick.'

Arrived in Edinburgh, the doctor visited several of the literati there,—attended the lectures of the professors, and was shown all the public institutions. At Dunkeld, the property of the Duke of Athol, he was much gratified by the romantic scenery with which Scotland so much abounds:—

'The duke's park is undoubtedly one of the finest in Great Britain. An abundance of old and majestic beech, chesnut, and larch trees, give it an infinitely more natural appearance than that of most of the parks in England, which are too visibly the work of art, and too much calculated for the pleasures of the chase. Nature has in another respect been bountiful to this spot, having bestowed on it one of its most beautiful ornaments, a natural water-fall, in the little river Bran, which here discharges itself into the Tay. The conductor takes strangers into a little temple, and requests them to seat themselves before a picture representing Ossian with his harp. By pressing on a spring, this picture flies back, and at the end of a cabinet, decorated on all sides with mirrors, we see the raging river dashing into the depth below, and foaming against two points of rocks in the midst of it. For a considerable way before reaching this point, the furious stream foams impetuously over rocks, falls immediately in front of the temple, and flows on, still foaming, through a narrow opening in the rock, after which it becomes gradually more tranquil in its meandering course through the park. The impression made by the whole scene, is much heightened by the mirrors round the walls, and even in the ceiling, in which the view of the water-fall is repeated times out of number, and by several concave mirrors in the temple, in which we see the fall diminishing to the proportions of a picture. Higher up the river is Ossian's cave, an artificial grotto, near which there is a second but less striking water-fall than that we have just described. We derived peculiar pleasure from clambering down the rock to seat ourselves on a projecting stone in the fall, which we reached by two or three hazardous leaps, where the water dashed past us on every side. A bridge has been thrown across the fall, called the rumbling bridge, (probably from the noise of the fall,) from which the view into the abyss beneath is truly frightful. A heavy shower of rain overtook us on our way to the inn, and prevented our then visiting the duke's garden. Heavy thunder clouds hung on the mountain; the Tay poured with double force through the bridge; and the hospitable roof of our clean and comfortable inn seemed more inviting than ever.'

From the account of the Hebrides, we extract the following animated description of Staffa and of Fingal's cave:—

'From a great distance we could perceive Staffa, rising like a dark point out of the water, but the sea becoming more boisterous as we approached nearer to the island, we could reach it only by slow degrees. At length we beheld it in its full majesty. This miracle of nature, so often described, and yet so indescribably grand; those proud pillars which rise closely crowded together at the entrance, and seem to rest more firmly on the water than any earthly building on the land; the hall lined with columns, and vaulted with a columnar roof, having the sea for its billowy floor, and which appears only to have been intended as a state-room for beings of that element; the wonderful play of colour of the azure flood; the deep red of the delicate marine plants on the sea-beat rock, and the dark brown of the columns: all these together, form a spectacle which leaves the works of man far behind! Our rowers, by great exertion, turned the boat towards the large cave, called Fingal's Cave, and as soon as it had come near to the right side of it, one of our men sprung from the boat, fastened a rope round a piece of rock, and then assisted us in landing. We proceed with great ease over the short basaltic columns which rise above the water on both sides of

the interior of the cave; for although they are not all of equal size, yet they do not vary much in height, which renders it an easy matter to step from one to another. The interior of the cave, which is 250 feet long, 53 feet wide, and 117 feet high, has a most striking appearance. The restless sea flowing in and out, fills the cave to its furthest extremity; every where there is nothing but columns, or pieces of columns, even under the water, which being clear and transparent as chrystal, allows us to see them quite distinctly. The pillars are all either pentagonal or hexagonal, and the intervals are filled with a beautiful crispy yellowish moss. In one place which we pass, where they are about three feet asunder, we had to make rather a hazardous leap.'

On the return to England, Dr. Spiker visited the Poet Laureate. He gives the following account of the interview:—

'We availed ourselves of our stay at Keswick, to introduce ourselves to the celebrated Robert Southey, the poet laureat. Without being provided with a letter of introduction to him, as is customary in England, I went straight to his house, which is situated at the extremity of the town, and close to the bridge over the Greta. He received me at first, as I thought, with some embarrassment, which, after a quarter of an hour's conversation, gave way to a most agreeable frankness, that never left him for a moment till I parted. I was introduced by him to a Mrs. Barker and her family, who are his near neighbours, and with whom he appears to be on the most friendly footing. Mr. Koster, a young gentleman of Dutch extraction, born in Lisbon, and educated in the Brazils, whose father is at the head of a considerable mercantile house at Liverpool, made one of the company. This gentleman lives with Mr. Southey, of whose society he availed himself, with the view to literary improvement. He is the person whose travels in Brazil have been several times translated in Germany. We expressed a wish to Mr. Southey to become acquainted with his library, which had been described to us as exceedingly rich, he did not hesitate a moment to gratify it; and I must confess that my expectations have seldom been so far surpassed. The collection consists of between three and four thousand volumes of the most select works in the Spanish and Portuguese languages, in the departments of history, statistics, and voyages and travels, of which the last mentioned are partly the fruits of a literary journey in Spain and Portugal, and partly the legacy of an uncle, who bequeathed to him the works collected by him while chaplain to the English factory at Lisbon. Mr. Southey's library does not contain merely printed books, but also manuscripts, both of histories and itineraries, of many of which he has already in part availed himself, in his classical work on the history of Brazil. I shall always consider the pleasant evening I passed in Mr. Southey's family, as one of the most happy sections of our tour, more especially as I obtained this piece of good fortune without any introduction to, or any previous acquaintance with that celebrated man.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

THE brothers Percy are rapidly furnishing the public with a very valuable body of Anecdotes. A variety of subjects, illustrative of the virtues and passions of mankind, have formed the preceding numbers. The part just published contains '*Anecdotes of Instinct*,' and we think it will rank as one of the most pleasing and most popular of the whole collection. The numerous traits of intelligence, affection, and fidelity displayed by the brute creation, will be read with great interest, as they exhibit almost every possible variety of instinct. Indeed, we should say some of these traits appear to go far beyond mere instinct; but, as the poet says,—

'Reason and instinct how shall we divide.'

Much praise is due to the authors for the novelty and originality of the present volume; for although Buffon, and since him Bingley, have written so much on the subject, yet the present collection appears to have been formed independent of both. We insert a few anecdotes as a specimen of the work, and which may form a very agreeable page in the *Literary Chronicle*:—

'*The Broken Heart*.—A few days before the fall of Robespierre, a revolutionary tribunal, in one of the departments of the north of France, condemned to death M. des R****, an ancient magistrate, and a most estimable man, as guilty of a conspiracy. M. des R. had a water spaniel of ten or twelve years old, of the small breed, which had been brought up by him, and had never quitted him. Des R. saw his family dispersed by a system of terror: some had taken flight; others were arrested and carried into distant gaols; his domestics were dismissed; his friends had either abandoned him, or concealed themselves; he was himself in prison, and every thing in the world was silent to him, except his dog. This faithful animal had been refused admittance into the prison. He had returned to his master's house, and found it shut; he took refuge with a neighbour who received him; but that posterity may judge rightly of the times in which we have existed, it must be added, that this man received him trembling, in secret, and dreading lest his humanity for an animal should conduct him to the scaffold. Every day at the same hour the dog left the house, and went to the door of the prison. He was refused admittance, but he constantly passed an hour before it, and then returned. His fidelity at length won upon the porter, and he was one day allowed to enter. The dog saw his master, and clung to him. It was difficult to separate them, but the gaoler forced him away, and the dog returned to his retreat. He came back the next morning, and every day; once each day he was admitted. He licked the hand of his friend, looked him in the face, again licked his hand, and went away of himself.

'When the day of sentence arrived, notwithstanding the crowd, notwithstanding the guard, the dog penetrated into the hall, and crouched himself between the legs of the unhappy man, whom he was about to lose for ever. The judges condemned him, condemned him in the presence of his dog. They reconducted him to the prison, and the dog for that time did not quit the door. The fatal hour arrives; the prison opens; the unfortunate man passes out; it is his dog that receives him at the threshold. He clings upon his hand, that hand which so soon must cease to pat his caressing head. He follows him; the axe falls; the master dies; but the tenderness of the dog cannot cease. The body is carried away; the dog walks at its side; the earth receives it; he lays himself upon the grave.

'There he passed the first night, the next day, the second night. The neighbour, in the mean time, unhappy at not seeing him, risks himself in search of the dog; guesses from the extent of his fidelity, the asylum he has chosen, finds him, caresses him, and makes him eat. An hour afterwards the dog escaped, and regained his favourite place. Three months passed away, each morning of which he came to seek his food, and then returned to the grave of his master; but each day he was more sad, more meagre, more languishing, and it was evident that he was gradually reaching his end. An endeavour was made, by chaining him up, to wean him, but nature will triumph. He broke his fetters,—escaped,—returned to the grave, and never quitted it more. It was in vain that they tried to bring him back. They carried him food, but he ate no longer. For four-and-twenty hours he was seen employing his weakened limbs in digging up the earth that separated him from the remains of the being he had so much loved. Passion gave him strength, and he gradually approached the body; his labours of affection vehemently increased; his efforts became convulsive; he shrieked in his

struggles; his faithful heart gave way, and he breathed out his last gasp, as if he knew that he had found his master.'

'*Singular Interposition*.—A lady had a tame bird which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning, as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat, who always before shewed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden, and jumped with it in her mouth upon a table. The lady was much alarmed for the fate of her favourite, but, on turning about, instantly discerned the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room. After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird without doing it the smallest injury.'

'*Assisting the Aged*.—M. de Boussannelle, captain of cavalry in the regiment of Beauvilliers, mentions, that a horse belonging to his company, who was very beautiful and full of metal, but old, and had lost his teeth, was unable to eat his hay or grind his oats, was fed for two months by two horses on his right and left, who ate with him. These two horses, drawing the hay out of the rack, chewed it, and then put it before the old horse, and did the same with the oats, which he he was then able to eat.'

'*Duty before Revenge*.—A gentleman residing in the city of London, was going one afternoon to his country cottage, accompanied by Cæsar, a favourite Newfoundland dog, when he recollected that he had the key of a cellaret which would be wanted at home during his absence. Having accustomed his dog to carry things, he sent him back with the key; the dog executed his commission, and afterwards rejoined his master, who discovered that he had been fighting, and was much torn about the head. The cause he afterwards learned, on his return to town in the evening. Cæsar, while passing with the key, was attacked by a ferocious butcher's dog, against whom he made no other resistance than that of tearing himself away, without relinquishing his charge. After delivering the key in town, he returned the same way, and on reaching the butcher's shop from which he had been so rudely assailed, he stopped and looked out for his antagonist; the dog sallied forth; Cæsar attacked him with a fury which nothing but revenge for past wrongs could have animated; nor did he quit the butcher's dog, until he had laid him dead at his feet.'

'*Musical Mice*.—Though the great naturalist, Linnaeus, in speaking of the common mouse, said, "delectatur musica," yet so little was it credited, that Gmelin omitted mentioning this feature in his edition of "Linnaeus's *Systema Naturæ*." Subsequently, however, the assertion has been satisfactorily confirmed. Dr. Archer, of Norfolk, in the United States, says, "On a rainy evening, in the winter of 1815, as I was alone in my chamber, I took up my flute and commenced playing. In a few minutes my attention was directed to a mouse that I saw creeping from a hole, and advancing to the chair in which I was sitting. I ceased playing, and it ran precipitately back to its hole; I began again shortly afterwards, and was much surprised to see it re-appear, and take its old position. The appearance of the little animal was truly delightful: it crouched itself on the floor, shut its eyes, and appeared in ecstasy; I ceased playing, and it instantly disappeared again. This experiment I repeated frequently with the same success, observing that it was always differently affected, as the music varied from the slow and plaintive, to the brisk or lively. It finally went off, and all my art could not entice it to return."

'A more remarkable instance of this fact appeared in the "*Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal*," in the year 1817. It was communicated by Dr. Cramer, of Jefferson's county, on the credit of a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who states, that "one evening in the month of December, as a few officers on board a British man of war, in the harbour of Portsmouth, were seated round the fire, one of them began to play a plaintive air on the violin. He had scarcely performed ten minutes, when a mouse, apparently frantic, made its appearance in the centre of the floor. The strange gestures of the little animal, strongly excited the attention of the officers,

who with one consent resolved to suffer it to continue its singular actions unmolested. Its exertions now appeared to be greater every moment—it shook its head, leaped about the table, and exhibited signs of the most ecstatic delight. It was observed, that in proportion to the gradation of the tones to the soft point, the feelings of the animal appeared to be increased, and *vice versa*. After performing actions which an animal so diminutive would at first sight seem incapable of, the little creature, to the astonishment of the delighted spectators, suddenly ceased to move, fell down, and expired without evincing any symptoms of pain.”

‘BATTLES OF THE ANTS.

“Thus in battalia marched embody’d ants.”—DRYDEN.

‘The wars entered into by ants of different size, bear no resemblance to those in which they combat with an equal force. When the large ants attack the small, they appear to do it by surprise; but when the small ants have time to guard against an attack, they intimate to their companions the danger with which they are threatened, when the latter arrive in crowds to their assistance. I have (says M. Huber,) witnessed a battle between the Herculean and sanguine ants; the Herculean ants quitted the trunk of the tree in which they had established their abode, and reached the very gates of the dwelling of the sanguine ants; the latter, only half the size of their adversaries, had the advantage in point of number; they, however, acted on the defensive. The earth, strewed with the dead bodies of their compatriots, bore witness that they had suffered the greatest carnage; they, therefore, took the prudent part of fixing their habitations elsewhere, and with great activity transported to a distance of fifty feet from the spot, their companions and the several objects that interested them. Small detachments of the workers were posted at a little distance from the nest, apparently placed there to cover the march of the recruits, and to preserve the city itself from any sudden attack. They struck against each other when they met, and had always their mandibles separated in the attitude of defiance. As soon as the Herculean ants approached their camp, the sentinels in front assailed them with fury; they fought at first in single combat. The sanguine ant threw himself upon the Herculean ant, fastened upon its head, and inundated it with venom. It sometimes quitted its antagonist with great quickness; more frequently, however, the Herculean ant held between its feet its audacious enemy. The two champions then rolled themselves in the dust, and struggled violently. The advantage was at first in favour of the largest ant; but its adversary was soon assisted by those of its own party, who collected round the Herculean ant, and inflicted several deep wounds with their teeth. The Herculean ant yielded to numbers; it either perished, the victim of its temerity, or was conducted a prisoner to the enemy’s camp.

‘Such are the combats between ants of different size; but if we wish to behold regular armies wage war in all its forms, we must visit those forests in which the fallow ants establish their dominion over every insect in their territory. It is in these forests, (continues the same author,) I have witnessed the inhabitants of two large ant hills, engaged in spirited combat. They were composed of ants of the same species, alike in their extent and population, and were situated about a hundred paces distance from each other. Two empires could not possess a greater number of combatants.

‘This prodigious crowd of insects covered the ground lying between the two ant-hills, and occupying a space of two feet in breadth. Both armies met at half way from their respective habitations, and there the battle commenced. Thousands of ants took their station upon the highest ground, and fought in pairs, keeping firm hold of their antagonists; a considerable number were engaged in the attack, and leading away prisoners. The latter made several ineffectual efforts to escape, as if aware that, upon their arrival, they would experience a cruel death. The scene of warfare occupied a space of about three feet square. Those ants composing groups and chains, took

hold of each other’s legs and pincers, and dragged their antagonists to the ground. These groups formed successively. The fight usually commenced by two ants, who seized each other by the mandibles. They were frequently so closely wedged together, that they fell upon their sides, and fought a long time in that situation in the dust, until a third came to decide the contest. It more commonly happened that both ants received assistance at the same time, when the whole four made ineffectual attempts to gain the battle. Ants of both parties joined then; and it was in this way they formed chains of six, eight, or ten ants, all firmly locked together; the equilibrium was only broken when several warriors from the same republic advanced at the same time, who compelled those that were enchained to let go their hold, when the single combats again took place.

‘On the approach of night, each party returned gradually to the city, which served it for an asylum. The ants, which were either killed or led away into captivity, not being replaced by others, the number of combatants diminished until their force was exhausted.

‘The ants returned to the field of battle before dawn. The groups again formed; the carnage recommenced with greater fury than on the preceding evening, and the scene of combat occupied a space of six feet in length, by two feet in breadth. Success was for a long time doubtful; about mid-day the contending armies had removed to the distance of a dozen feet from one of their cities. The ants fought so desperately, that nothing could withdraw them from their enterprize; they seemed absorbed in one single object, that of finding an enemy to contend with.

‘These wars offer something very surprising; the instinct which enables each ant to know his own party, even in the midst of the battle’s rage. They sometimes attack those of their own party; but on recognizing them, immediately relax their hold, and caress each other.

‘The common operations of the two colonies were not suspended during this warfare; the paths which led to a distance in the forest, were as much crowded as in time of peace, and all around the ant-hill, order and tranquillity prevailed, with the exception only of that side on which the battle was raging. A crowd of these insects were constantly to be seen setting off for the scene of combat, while others were returning with their prisoners. This war terminated without any disastrous results to the two republics; long continued rains shortened its duration, and the warriors ceased to frequent the road which led to the camp of the enemy.’

The present number is embellished with a very spirited portrait of James Hogg, Esq. the Ettrick Shepherd, to whom the anecdotes are dedicated.

A Voyage to Africa, with some Account of the Manners and Customs of the Dahomian People. By John McLeod, M. D. 12mo. pp. 162. London, 1820.

WE confess this little volume puzzles us; we cannot decide whether the author is in jest or in earnest (though we strongly suspect the former,) when he sends it forth as likely to promote the civilization of Africa. The narrative, too, wears an air of fiction, and if the doctor really was on the coast of Africa seventeen years ago, we imagine that, as ‘stories gain in telling,’ so the simple facts which he witnessed have now received considerable embellishment. But, be this as it may, it is an entertaining little volume, and, as such, has our approbation in preference to the bulky tomes of too many of our living voyagers.

The author informs us that he was one of those medical officers, who, in consequence of the peace of 1803, was compelled to quit the navy without halfpay; and that he accepted an appointment as surgeon of a ship, bound from

London to the coast of Africa, in the slave trade. Nothing particular occurred during the voyage, until the vessel reached Whydah, where the author was placed as a factor. The soil of Dahomy is so rich that vegetation appears in its most luxuriant form. 'Many of the trees are of such gigantic bulk, that canoes, (which they use on the lakes only,) capable of containing with ease from seventy to an hundred men, have been formed from their trunks.' The sugar cane grows vigorously; and the tea-plant might be successfully cultivated:—

'Dahomy produces, in great perfection, all the immense variety of fine fruits found within the torrid zone, with some peculiar to itself, and among others one of a most singular quality:—It is not unlike a ripe coffee-berry, and does not at first appear to have a superior degree of sweetness, but it leaves in the mouth so much of that impression, that a glass of vinegar tastes like sweet wine, and the sourest lemon like a ripe orange: sugar is quite an unnecessary article in tea or coffee; in fact, the most nauseous drug seems sweet to whoever chews this fruit; and its effect is not worn away until after several meals. It is generally called the miraculous berry, but Mr. Dalzel has applied to it the term *Cerasus Oxiglycus*.

'Whoever eats this berry in the morning, must be content at least for that day, to forego the natural flavour of every kind of food, whether animal or vegetable, for all will be alike saccharine to the palate; and the most ridiculous effect is often produced by playing tricks upon those who are not aware of its peculiar property.'

The beasts of prey are numerous and dangerous, and often commit great havoc among the sheep, particularly the tigers; but, thanks to the ingenuity of man, the Dahomians know how to *astonish* them:—

'A good mode of astonishing a tiger was practised with success, during my stay here. A loaded musket was firmly affixed in a horizontal position, about the height of his head, to a couple of stakes driven into the ground; and the piece being cocked, a string from the trigger, first leading a little towards the butt and then turning through a small ring forwards, was attached to a shoulder of mutton stuck on the muzzle of the musket, the act of dragging off which drew the trigger, and the piece, loaded with two balls, discharged itself into the plunderer's mouth, killing him on the spot.'

The political management of Whydah is entrusted to a viceroy, who is called the *Yavougah*, or captain of the white men:—

'This officer, at the time of my residence in this country, was a man of majestic stature, and possessed an uncommon share of dignity, mixed with complacency of manner. His dress was generally a large hat, somewhat resembling that of a Spanish grandee, tastefully decorated, and a piece of damask silk (usually red) thrown over one shoulder, like a Scotch plaid, with a pair of drawers; but his arms and legs were bare, except the bracelets of silver, which encircled the arm above the elbow, with *manillas* of the same sort, and rows of coral round the wrists.

'When he had any message to deliver from the King, or other public affair to transact at the European forts, it was done with much ceremony and state; his guards, musicians, umbrella-bearers, and a numerous retinue always attending him. On such occasions, it was usual for all whites (who were of sufficient rank to be admitted to the parties of the governor,) to be seated in the hall of the fort; but the *yavougah* alone of the blacks assumed this privilege, and he was placed on a finely-carved stool: all the rest squatting on the floor; except any one of them spoke to or was addressed by him, when the person so speaking or addressed, always appeared on his knees.

'The most polished courtier of Europe could not have de-

ported himself more gracefully on public occasions than this man, or have carried on a conference with greater ease and affability. He was master, beside his own, of the English, French, and Portuguese languages, having resided from his birth chiefly in the vicinity of the forts, and in his younger days been much connected with them officially, as a linguist.

The government of Dahomy is a despotism:—

'It is a monarchy the most unlimited and uncontrouled on the face of the earth: there being no law but the King's will, who may chop off as many heads as he pleases, whenever he is "i' the vein;" and dispose of his subjects' property as he thinks fit, without being accountable to any human tribunal for his conduct. He has from three to four thousand wives, a proportion of whom, trained to arms, under female officers, constitute his body guards. As may naturally be supposed, but a few of these wives engage his particular attention.

'The successor to the throne is not announced during the King's lifetime, but the moment his decease is known; this proclamation is made with all possible despatch by the proper officers, for all is murder, anarchy, and confusion in the palace until it takes place, the wives of the late King not only breaking the furniture and ornaments, but killing each other in order to have the honour of attending their husband to the grave.

'The choice usually falls on the eldest son of the late Sovereign's greatest favourite, provided there exists no particular reason for setting him aside. An instance of this sort occurred, however, at the demise of the late King Whenoohew, where the elder son's right of primogeniture was disallowed, because one of his toes, from some accident, overlapped the other; and his next brother, the present King, who, with respect to form, is certainly "a marvellous proper man," was elected in his stead.

The first minister is called the *Tanogan*, and is the only man in the country whose head the King cannot cut off at pleasure. The laws are generally very severe; false witnesses are punished with death, and the body of a person committing suicide is thrown into the fields to be devoured by wild beasts. The marriages of the Dahomians, like those of most barbarous nations, are settled by the bridegroom paying a certain sum for a woman. Polygamy is allowed to any extent:—

'Adultery is punished by slavery or the value of a slave, by the offender, and the lady likewise subjects herself to be sold; but it is remarked, that this measure is seldom resorted to, and it sometimes happens that a handsome wife is repeatedly turned to advantage by her husband in alluring the unwary into heavy damages.

'The state of woman, is, upon the whole, very abject here. Wives approach their husbands with every mark of the humblest submission. In presenting him even with the calabash containing his food, after she has cooked it, she kneels, and offers it with an averted look, it being deemed too bold to stare him full in the face. By thus constantly practising genuflexion upon the bare ground, their knees in time become almost as hard as their heels.

'A mutinous wife, or a vixen, sometimes the treasure and delight of an Englishman,—the enlivener of his fireside,—and his safeguard from *ennui*, is a phenomenon utterly unknown in Dahomy,—that noble spirit which animates the happier dames in lands of liberty being here, alas! extinguished and destroyed.'

In the month of April or May, here is a grand annual festival, when all the governors of the different towns, the captains of ships, &c. pay their respects to the King. There are also beasts, music, public dances, and the procession of the King's women. The festival is, however, stained with a most horrid sacrifice, if the following account of our author is not much overcharged:—

'In order to water with their blood the graves of the King's ancestors, and to supply them with servants of various descriptions in the other world, a number of human victims are yearly sacrificed in solemn form; and this carnival is the period at which these shocking rites are publicly performed.

Scaffolds are erected outside the palace wall, and a large space fenced in round them. On these the King, with the white strangers who think proper to attend, are seated, and the ministers of state are also present in the space beneath. Into this field of blood the victims are brought in succession, with their arms pinioned, and a *Fetisheer* laying his hand on the devoted head, pronounces a few mystical words, when another man, standing behind with a large scimitar, severs the sufferer's head from his body, generally at a single blow, and each repetition of this act is proclaimed by loud shouts of applause from the surrounding multitude, who affect to be highly delighted with the power and magnificence of their Sovereign.

His bards, or laureats, join also at this time, in bawling out his strong names (their term for titles of honour,) and sing songs in his praise. These scenes are likewise enlivened by a number of people engaged in a savage dance around the scaffold; should the foot of one of these performers slip, it is considered an ill omen; the unfortunate figurante is taken out of the ring, and his head instantly struck off, whilst the dance continues without interruption, as if nothing unusual had occurred.

The people thus sacrificed, are generally prisoners of war, whom the King often puts aside for this purpose, several months previous to the celebration of his horrid festival; should there be any lack of these, the number is made up from the most convenient of his own subjects. There are years in which they have single, and others, in which they have double customs. One of the latter occurred when I was there, and an enormous number (several hundred) were said to have fallen. But the amount, probably, was considerably exaggerated; for, as Mr. Abson had dispensed with viewing this part of the ceremony, he could only judge from the report of those who were anxious to magnify the grandeur of their King; and Mr. James, who, three different years, took the trouble to count the victims, never reckoned more than sixty-five, on any one occasion.

Their bodies are either thrown out into the fields to be devoured by vultures and wild beasts, or hung by the heels in a mutilated state, upon the surrounding trees,—a practice exceedingly offensive in so hot a climate. The heads, for the time, are piled up in a heap and afterwards disposed of in decorating the walls of the royal *simbomies*, or palaces, some of which are two miles in circumference, and often require a renewal and repair of these ornaments.

Adahoonza, in 1785, after a successful attack upon *Badagry*, having a great number of victims to sacrifice, ordered their heads to be applied to this purpose. Mr. Abson, in his account, says, "the person to whom the management of this business had been committed, having neglected to make a proper calculation of his materials, had proceeded too far with his work, when he found that there would not be a sufficient number of skulls to adorn the whole palace; he, therefore, requested permission to begin the work anew, that he might, by placing them farther apart, complete the design in a regular manner. But the King would by no means give his consent to this proposal, observing, "that he would soon find a sufficient number of *Badagry* heads to render the plan perfectly uniform," and learning that a hundred and twenty-seven were required to complete this extraordinary embellishment, he ordered that number of the captives to be brought forth, and slaughtered in cold blood."

The immolation of victims is not confined to this particular period, and,—

It is considered an honour where his Majesty personally condescends to become the executioner, in these cases; an office in which the present King prides himself in being very

expert. The governor was present on one occasion, when a poor fellow, whose fear of death, outweighing the sense of the honour conferred on him, on being desired by the King to carry some message to his father, humbly declared on his knees, that he was unacquainted with the way; on which the tyrant vociferated "I'll shew you the way," and, with one blow, made his head fly many yards from his body, highly indignant that there should have been the least expression of reluctance.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Winter Nights; or, Fireside Lucubrations. By Nat'l. Drake, M. D. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1820.

DR. DRAKE is certainly one of the most pleasing and elegant writers of his day. His 'Literary Hours,' his 'Essays on Periodical Literature,' and his 'Shakespeare and his Times,' have justly raised him to the first rank of living writers, and the production before us will still add to that high reputation. As a critic, an antiquary, and an essayist, he is equally successful: in the first, he has all the acuteness without any of the acerbity that too often marks the character; he is the kind monitor or the foster father of genius, and never feels so happy as when he can mature and encourage it; as an antiquary, he displays all the research of the most industrious, while his writings are devoid of that dry tediousness which too often accompany the details of the antiquary; as an essayist, he discovers an intimate acquaintance of human nature, and a goodness of heart which is truly amiable. If there is one living author, who can say, he has written 'no line which, dying, he would wish to blot,' we believe it is Dr. Drake.

These volumes contain twenty papers, historical and critical. There is one of the latter description which pays a well merited tribute of approbation (the praise of Dr. Drake is of no mean value,) to Mr. Henry Neele, for his 'Odes and other Poems.' Several of the papers of an historical character relate to Hadleigh in Suffolk, the place from whence these lucubrations are dated. We shall, without further preface, select two. The first is an account of the martyrdom of Dr. Taylor, during the sanguinary reign of Mary:—

'Rowland Taylor, D. D. and rector of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, from the year 1544 to 1554, suffered martyrdom on Aldham common, adjacent to Hadleigh, on February 9th, 1555, for his opposition to the errors of popery, and his steady adherence to the doctrines of the Reformation.

'Of this great and pious character it is scarcely possible to speak in terms too laudatory. He was, in fact, the perfect model of a parish priest, and literally went about doing good.

'It was not to be expected, therefore, that when the bigoted Mary ascended the throne of these realms, a man so gifted, and at the same time so popular as was Dr. Taylor, should long escape the arm of persecution. Scarcely, indeed, had this sanguinary woman commenced her reign, when an attempt was made to celebrate mass by force in the parish church of Hadleigh; and, in endeavouring to resist this profanation, which was planned and conducted by two of his parishioners, named Foster and Clerke, assisted by one Averth, rector of Aldham, whom they had hired for the purpose, Dr. Taylor became, of course, obnoxious to the ruling powers, an event no doubt foreseen and calculated upon by the instigators of the mischief.

'A citation to appear before Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and then Lord Chancellor of England, was, on the information of these wretches, the immediate result of the transaction; and, though the friends and relatives of the doctor earnestly advised his non-compliance, and recommended

him instantly to fly, he resisted their solicitations, observing, that though he fully expected imprisonment, and a cruel death, he was determined, in a cause so good and righteous, to shrink not from his duty. "Oh, what will ye have me to do?" he exclaimed; "I am old, and have already lived too long to see these terrible and most wicked days. Fly you, and do as your conscience leadeth you; I am fully determined, with God's grace to go to the bishop, and to his beard, to tell him that he doth nought."

'Accordingly, tearing himself from his weeping friends and flock, and accompanied by one faithful servant, he hastened to London, where, after enduring with the utmost patience and magnanimity, the virulence and abuse of Gardiner, and replying to all his accusations with a firmness and self-possession, and with a truth of reasoning, which, unfortunately, served but to increase the malice of his enemies, he was committed a prisoner to the King's Bench, and endured a confinement there of nearly two years.

'During this long period, however, which was chiefly occupied by Dr. Taylor in the study of the holy scriptures, and in preaching to, and exhorting his fellow-prisoners, he had three further conferences with his persecutors. The second, which was held in the arches at Bow-church, a few weeks after his commitment, terminated in his being deprived of his benefice as a married man. The third, which did not take place until January the 22d, 1555, and was carried on, not only with the Bishop of Winchester, but with other episcopal commissioners, ended, after a long debate, in which the piety, erudition, sound sense, and Christian forbearance of the sufferer was pre-eminently conspicuous, in his re-commitment to prison, under a threat of having judgment passed upon him within a week.

'This judgment was accordingly pronounced at a fourth conference, on the 28th of the same month, the Bishops of Winchester, Norwich, London, Salisbury, and Durham, being present; when, on the doctor again declining to submit himself to the Roman Pontiff, he was condemned to death, and the day following removed to the Poultry Counter. Here, on the 4th of February, he was visited by Bonner, Bishop of London, who, attended by his chaplain and the necessary officers, came to degrade him. Refusing, however, to comply with this ceremony, which consisted in his putting on the vestures, or mass-garments, he was compelled to submit by force, and when the bishop, as usual, closed this disgusting mummerly with his curse, Taylor nobly replied; "though you do curse me, yet God doth bless me. I have the witness of my conscience, that ye have done me wrong and violence; and yet I pray God, if it be his will, forgive you."

'It was on the morning of the 5th of February, 1555, at the early hour of two o'clock, that the sheriff of London, arriving at the counter, demanded the person of Dr. Taylor, in order that he might commence his pilgrimage towards Hadleigh, the destined place of his martyrdom. It was very dark, and they led him without lights, though not unobserved, to an inn near Aldgate. His wife,—and I shall here adopt the language of John Fox, which, in this place, as in many others, is remarkable for its pathos and simplicity,—"his wife, suspecting that her husband should that night be carried away, watched all night in St. Botolph's church-porch beside Aldgate, having with her two children, the one named Elizabeth, of thirteen years of age (whom, being left without father or mother, Dr. Taylor had brought up of alms from three years old,) the other named Mary, Dr. Taylor's own daughter.

"Now, when the sheriff and his company came against St. Botolph's church, Elizabeth cried, saying, 'O my dear father;—mother, mother, here is my father led away.' Then cried his wife, Rowland, Rowland, where art thou? for it was a very dark morning, that the one could not see the other. Dr. Taylor answered, 'dear wife, I am here,' and stayed. The sheriff's men would have led him forth; but the sheriff said, 'stay a little, masters, I pray you, and let him speak to his wife;' and so they stayed.

"Then came she to him, and he took his daughter Mary

in his arms; and he, his wife, and Elizabeth, kneeled down and said the Lord's prayer. At which sight the sheriff wept apace, and so did divers other of the company. After they had prayed, he rose up and kissed his wife, and shook her by the hand, and said, 'Farewell, my dear wife, be of good comfort, for I am quiet in my conscience. God shall stir up a father for my children.' And then he kissed his daughter Mary, and said, 'God bless thee, and make thee his servant;' and kissing Elizabeth, he said, 'God bless thee. I pray you all stand strong and stedfast unto Christ and his word, and keep you from idolatry.' Then said his wife, 'God be with thee, dear Rowland, I will with God's grace meet thee at Hadleigh.'

'At eleven o'clock the same morning, Dr. Taylor left Aldgate, accompanied by the sheriff of Essex and four yeomen of the guard, and after once more taking an affectionate leave of his son and servant, who met him at the gates of the inn, he proceeded to Brentwood, where, in order to prevent his being recognized, they compelled him to wear a mask or close hood, having apertures for the eyes and mouth. Nothing, however, could depress the spirits or abate the fortitude of this intrepid sufferer in the cause of truth; for not only was he patient and resigned, but, at the same time, happy and cheerful, as if a banquet or a bridal, and not a stake, were to be the termination of his journey.

'When within two miles of Hadleigh, appearing more than commonly cheerful, the sheriff was induced to enquire the cause. "I am now," replied the doctor, "almost at home. I lack not past two stiles to go over, and I am even at my father's house." He then demanded if they should go through Hadleigh; and being answered in the affirmative, he returned thanks to God, exclaiming, "then shall I once more, ere I die, see my flock, whom thou, Lord, knowest I have most dearly loved, and truly taught."

'At the foot of the bridge leading into the town, there waited for him a poor man with five small children, who, when they saw the doctor, fell down upon their knees, the man crying with a loud voice, "O dear father and good shepherd, Dr. Taylor, God help and succour thee, as thou hast many a time succoured me and my poor children." The whole town, indeed, seemed to feel and deplore its loss in a similar manner, the streets being lined with men, women, and children, who, when they beheld their beloved pastor led to death, burst into a flood of tears, calling to each other, and saying, "there goeth our good shepherd from us, that so faithfully hath taught us, so fatherly hath cared for us, and so godly hath governed us! O, merciful God! strengthen him and comfort him;" whilst ever in reply, the blessed sufferer, deeply touched by the sorrows of his flock, kept exclaiming:—"I have preached to you God's word and truth, and am come this day to seal it with my blood." Such in fact was the sympathy, such the lamentation expressed by all ranks for his approaching fate, that the sheriff and his attendants were, as Fox declares, "wonderfully astonished," and though active in threatening and rebuking, found it utterly impossible to suppress the emotions of the people.

'The doctor was now about to address the agitated spectators, when one of the yeomen of the guard thrust his staff into his mouth; and, the sheriff, on being appealed to, bade him remember his promise, alluding, as is conjectured, to a pledge extorted from him by the council, under the penalty of having his tongue cut out, that he would not address the people at his death. "Well," said the doctor, with his wonted patience and resignation, "the promise must be kept;" and then, sitting down, he called to one Soyce, whom he had seen in the crowd, and requested him to pull off his boots: adding, with an air of pleasantry, "thou hast long looked for them, and shalt now take them for thy labour."

'He then rose up, stripped off his cloathes unto his shirt, and gave them to the poor; when, trusting that a few farewell words to his flock might be tolerated, he said, with a loud voice, "Good people, I have taught you nothing but God's

holy word, and those lessons that I have taken out of God's blessed book, the holy Bible; and I am come hither this day to seal it with my blood."

When he had finished his devotions, he went to the stake, kissed it, and placing himself in the pitch-barrel which had been prepared for him; he stood upright therein, with his back against the stake, his hands folded together, his eyes lifted to heaven, and his mind absorbed in continual prayer.

They now bound him with chains, and the sheriff calling to one Richard Doningham, a butcher, ordered him to set up the faggots; but he declined it, alledging that he was lame and unable to lift a faggot; and, though threatened with imprisonment if he continued to hesitate, he steadily and fearlessly refused to comply.

The sheriff was, therefore, obliged to look elsewhere, and at length pitched upon four men, perhaps better calculated than any other for the office they were destined to perform; namely, one Mullein, of Kersey, a man, says Fox, fit to be a hangman; Soyce, whom we have formerly mentioned, and who was notorious as a drunkard; Warwick, who had been deprived of one of his ears for sedition; and Robert King, a man of loose character, and who had come hither with a quantity of gunpowder, which, whether it were intended to shorten or increase the torments of the sufferer, can alone be known to him from whom no secrets are concealed.

While these men were diligently, and it is to be apprehended, cheerfully employed in piling up their wood, Warwick wantonly and cruelly threw a faggot at the doctor, which struck him on the head, and likewise cut his face, so that the blood ran copiously down; an act of savage ferocity which merely drew from their victim this mild reproach, "Oh, friend, I have harm enough, what need of that." Nor were these diabolical insults confined to those among them of the lowest rank; for when this blessed martyr was saying the psalm *Miserere* in English, Sir John Shelton, who was standing by, struck him on the lips, exclaiming at the same time, "Ye knave, speak Latin, or I will make thee."

They at length set fire to the faggots; when Dr. Taylor, holding up both his hands, called upon his God, and said, "Merciful Father of heaven, for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake, receive my soul into thy hands." In this attitude he continued, without either crying or moving, until Soyce striking him forcibly on the head with his halbert, his brains fell out, and the corse dropped down into the fire.

Thus perished midway in the race of piety and utility, all that was mortal of one of the best and most strenuous defenders of the Protestant church of England; a man who, in all the relations, and in all the vicissitudes of the most turbulent periods, in the hour of adversity as in that of prosperity, practised what he preached.

The next is a little tale founded on a romantic incident, given to the public by the Rev. Philip Parsons, in a work entitled '*Monuments and Painted Glass*;' and which is thus related by that ingenious antiquary:—

"I cannot conclude this account of Hadleigh," he says, "without giving an anecdote in some degree connected with the place, and in itself exceedingly remarkable.

"I was informed that, in the parish church of Llandulph,* in Cornwall, there was a memorial of a lineal descendant of the imperial line, who married a wife from Hadleigh.

"The account was so highly curious and yet so improbable, that I wished to be certain of the truth. To this purpose I wrote to the officiating minister at Saltash, which I judged to be the nearest post town to Llandulph, and, in consequence, soon received an obliging answer, of which the following is an extract:—

"In the chancel of Llandulph church is a mural monument, containing the following inscription on a brass tablet, in length twenty-one inches, in breadth seventeen, and fixed about five feet from the ground. Every letter is in Roman capitals, and the original spelling is preserved.

* Llandulph is a few miles from Callington.

"The Inscription.

"Here lyeth the body of Theodoro Paleologus, of Pesania, in Itayle, descended from the imperyall lyne of the last Christian Emperours of Greece, being the sonne of Camilio, the sonne of Prosper, the sonne of Theodoro, the sonne of John, the sonne of Thomas, the second brother to Constantine Paleologus, the eighth of that name, and last of the lyne that raygned in Constantinople, until subdewed by the Turks, who married with Mary, the daughter of William Balls of Hadlye, in Suffolke, gent., and had issue five children:—Theodoro, John, Ferdinando, Maria, and Dorothy, and deppted this life at Clyfton, the 21st of January, 1636.

"Above the whole, in an escutcheon of brass, are engraved two turrets, with the figure of an eagle with two heads, resting a claw on each turret. WM. TREVANION BARLOW."

"On receiving this account, so convincing in regard to the existence of such a monument, I made farther enquiries in respect to the person, but with much less success.

"Thomas, brother of Constantine Paleologus, of whom Mahomet II., emperor of the Turks, gave this character—'that in the great country of Peloponnesus, he had found many slaves, but never a man but him,'* after defending the castle of Salmonica a whole year against the Turks, made his escape from that fortress, when all hopes of relief had been abandoned, and fled into Italy, where Pope Pius II. allowed him a pension till his death. It is probable that Theodoro, the descendant of Prince Thomas, who lies buried at Llandulph, sought an asylum in England, in consequence of the hostility shown towards the Greeks by Pope Paul V., and his successor Gregory XV. I have not been able to learn what became of the sons of this descendant of the imperial line: his daughter Dorothy was married at Llandulph, to William Arundel, in 1656, and died 1681; and his daughter Mary, who died unmarried, was buried there in 1674, as appears by the parish register.

"A kind friend has searched, at my desire, the old register of Hadleigh, in which he finds the family of the Balls very numerous.

"In the register of marriages,' says he, 'there is one dated May 27, 1617, with the names erased, and four :: dots left in the place; now why may not I, in the spirit of an antiquary, suppose that this might be the very marriage, as it is about nineteen years before Theodoro died?'

"If this conjecture be well founded, the erasure (and the erasure of a register is something extraordinary,) might arise from resentment, or a desire of concealment. And the idea is something corroborated by a similar erasure, equally remarkable in the baptisms of the family of the Balls; it is this:—

Mary Dr. to 1591.

It should seem that this was the Mary Balls, who was married in 1617, and who then would be twenty-six years of age."†

"MARY OF HADLEIGH.

Through the dim arch, with mantling ivy crown'd,
The moon's wan orb had shed a sickly light;
Along each echoing aisle, with sullen sound,
The midnight storm was rushing on its flight:

When o'er the heath, as pour'd the piercing air,
The cry of "murder" rose upon the blast;
The traveller starting, breath'd a hurried pray'r,
Rein'd his dark steed, and turn'd his ear aghast.

Groans, as from parting life's convulsing frame,
At times were heard upon the gale to swell;
And, led by these, with fearful step he came,
Where, bath'd in blood, the hapless victim fell.

* Vide Knowles's History of the Turks.

† Parsons's Monuments and Stained Glass, 4to. 1794, pp. 544, 545.

Stretch'd on the green-sward as in act to die,
 Though breathing still, a gallant youth he found,—
 The moon-beam glancing as the rack swept by,
 Show'd his rich vesture pierc'd with many a wound.
 With anguish seiz'd and horror at the deed,
 Awe-struck awhile he gaz'd, then, leaping down,
 Bound the worn sufferer fainting on his steed,
 And led him heedful to the neighb'ring town.
 Here, where the Breta winds her rippling wave,
 And views her tall spire lift its tap'ring head,
 Where Hadleigh still can point to Guthrun's grave,
 And still the tear o'er martyr'd Taylor shed,
 Speechless and cold, and pierc'd with thrilling pain,
 The drooping stranger to his roof he brought,
 Instant for aid dispatch'd his menial train,
 And each kind means to save existence sought,
 Nor sought in vain; for soon though pale and weak,
 Though tremulous still, and labouring to respire,
 Health dawning smil'd upon his faded cheek,
 And from his eye-balls shot reluming fire.
 Yet, danger shifting, varied treachery tries,
 And, mask'd in charms, from beauty's bosom flows;
 From looks of pity, love-inspiring sighs,
 From lips that breathe, and cheeks that shame the rose.
 Ah! what defence could Theodoro boast,
 When o'er his couch as evening breezes die,
 He saw the blushing daughter of his host
 In languid sorrow bend the tearful eye.
 First of the forms that ever poet drew,
 Was Mary graceful as the bounding roe;
 On her ripe lip sate love embath'd in dew,
 Or ambush'd close where heaves the living snow.
 Free from her forehead, curl'd and clust'ring bright,
 Profuse and rich her raven tresses fell!
 Whilst dark and full, and thron'd in humid light,
 How many a tale those eyes of sweetness tell!
 Nor was her mind less lovely than her frame;—
 For all that suffer'd she had learnt to grieve;
 A lily shrinking from the noon-tide flame,
 But pouring perfume on the gale of eve.
 Oh! woman's pity each dread ill can cure,—
 It whispers peace, and seems to open heav'n;
 It gives the breast to glow with passion pure,
 Breathe its warm vows, and hope to be forgiv'n.
 Thus felt the youth, and soon sweet Mary knows
 What soft infection on his accents hung,
 As she sate listening to the varied woes
 That one by one his manly heart had wrung.
 Of many a deed in glory's fields he told,
 Of many a danger pass'd on shore and flood;
 E'en to the night when, fir'd by thirst of gold,
 His faithless servants dipp'd their hands in blood.
 There is a sympathy in noble minds,
 A bond of love which vice and folly fly.
 A confidence which only virtue finds,
 As, touch'd by truth, she bids the heart reply.
 And these did Mary and her lover feel,
 Though round the youth a veil of mystery hung;
 Though parents murmur, and though friends appeal,
 And many a censure flows from many a tongue.
 Ah, where! if not in that eye's open cell,
 As pledges sure of manly honour giv'n,
 If not on that clear brow, they love to dwell,
 Oh, where shall faith and fondness find their heav'n!
 In triumph trusting, and with joy imprest,
 No fear had Mary or of guile or art;
 But, in the temple where her fathers rest,
 Gave to the man she lov'd a willing heart.

Swift from the altar to an unknown roof,
 Th' enamour'd stranger bore his blooming bride;
 And years roll'd on, whilst from the world aloof,
 No search could trace them, and no rumour guide.
 When, one dark night, as round Mount Edgcumbe high
 The whirling tempests their hoarse descant sung,
 And, in wild concord with the sea-mew's cry,
 O'er Cornwall's cliffs the foam of ocean flung,
 From a lone vessel wreck'd on Tamer's flood,
 And nigh the scite by Llandulph's fame enshrin'd,
 Thrown on the coast an aged pilgrim stood,
 His grey locks streaming on the winter's wind.
 Round in dismay, of friendly aid in search,
 Through the deep void he turn'd an anxious eye,
 When from the chancel of high Llandulph church,
 With sudden flash a beam of light shot by.
 Rapt in amazement, yet led on by fate,
 O'er the dim pile one fearful look he cast;
 Then trac'd its walls, and through its western gate,
 Half open found, with trembling footstep past.
 On the ground kneeling, near a scutcheon'd tomb,
 A female form he saw, and rob'd in white;
 Whilst, hung on high, through shades of murkiest gloom,
 A lamp pale gleaming shed a sickly light.
 Slow, and with noiseless stealth, he onward stept,
 His heart-pulse flutt'ring with suspended breath;
 Till, close behind the mourner as she wept,
 Silent he stood, a statue still as death.
 Oh! who the sorrows of lost love can speak,
 As to her bosom press'd her infant clung!
 Fast fell the tears that bath'd its dimpled cheek,
 Whilst her clasp'd hands in agony she wrung.
 On a brass tablet, rear'd above her head,
 O'er which the lamp a waning splendour threw,
 Her eyes were fix'd, and thither instant led,
 Fix'd the deep anguish of the pilgrim too.
 For there, with pangs no utterance could make known,
 With wonder mingling, and with shudd'ring awe,
 Theodoro, heir of the imperial throne,
 Commix'd with Mary's humble name he saw!
 Groans, as if life its inmost seat forsook,
 At length escap'd the pilgrim's tortur'd breast;
 And Mary, rising, turn'd with ghastly look,
 "My father!" shriek'd, and instant sank to rest!

Original Communications.

ELIZABETH HAYWOOD, THE CALCULATING GIRL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—As in a former number (No. 58), you have noticed Elizabeth Haywood, the calculating girl, I venture to offer an observation on the waneing life that interesting child is leading; I was much hurt on entering a public room last week, to find her in the midst of a large assembly, solving with ease and facility whatever questions were proposed, and, on inquiry, heard this was her common practice. To send a child, little more than twelve years of age, into coffee houses, and, perhaps, taprooms, to obtain a precarious subsistence from day to day, and till a late hour (for when I left her it was ten o'clock, and she had then a distance of two miles to go to her home,) must be highly injurious to her morals; and it is to be regretted, that an individual possessing such amazing

mental capacities should be strolling the streets of London to procure a paltry pittance from the hands of casual persons. If, through your widely circulated work, you can assist her by stating her case, it will be an act of humanity to a deserving and clever female, and will much oblige a constant reader.

MYTHOLOGUS.

September 2, 1820.

The Instructress.

No. 1.

‘Such are the various aspects of the Mind.’

OF THE MANNER OF LIVING WITH GREAT MEN.

DISTINCTION of rank is highly necessary for the economy of the world, and was never called in question, till recently, but by barbarians and enthusiasts.

A just consideration for the several degrees of men, as the orders of Providence have placed them above us, is useful, not only to the correcting of our manners and keeping our common conversation in the bounds of politeness and civility, but has even a better consequence in disposing the mind to a religious humility.

In observing, step by step, the several degrees above us, we arrive insensibly, at last, to the contemplation of the supreme perfection. It has been said, that inequality of condition is a bar to friendship; but why? are not the links of a chain continued as well perpendicularly as horizontally?

Most men, indeed, are rather inclined to live on the terms of civility than friendship; it is sufficient for their interest to have no enemies, and they find it for their ease to have no obligations without doors; i. e. out of themselves.

There are some people that naturally love to do good and contribute to the happiness of their fellow creatures; but, how rare!

If there cannot be what is called friendship between a great and a private man, there may be something almost equivalent to it, while there is beneficence on one part and gratitude on the other.

Crito must be a miserable man, who never was known to have a friend even among men of his own degree. He is rich, he is great, he has wit; any of these three qualities would have got another man either friends or followers. He has not *good nature*.

Paulinus is affable, just to his word, generous, serviceable; he has no enemies but those that are so to virtue and to their country; he has friends amongst those of his own rank, and followers amongst his inferiors, that take a pleasure in his protection. He *has good nature*.

A great man, who has a delicate understanding, cannot find a sufficient number for his conversation among those of his own quality.

Aristus is a great genius for politics, and he finds amongst the ministry, heads capable of great if not nice design. It is with them he concerts what is for the advantage of his King and country. But he has a taste for music, painting, and sculpture; he is perfectly a master of all the fine points of learning. He chuses to spend whole days with Lycidas, a man not of his quality, but one to whom nature and industry have given what they could give.

Lycidas was born with great advantages for knowledge;

he has improved those advantages; he has wit admirably well turned; a sound and exact judgment; he thinks, speaks, and writes with the utmost politeness; and, with all these, he has so much gentleness in his nature and sweetness in his manners, that one should love him, though it were possible he might be a fool. In short, it is necessary to a great man, if he would be completely happy, to have such a friend or companion, call it which you will.

Going into the company of great men is like going into the other world,—you ought to stay till you are called.

What impatience have some people to press into conversations, where it is impossible they should be easy.

Bupolas was never cut out for a courtier; why will he always be making parties to dine with great lords?

Bupolas might have lived well with any sort of people, except lords. He has a pleasant wit; he has humour, and is very agreeable in his conversation; but then he is variable; he has loved and hated all his acquaintance round; he is violent, a great stranger to patience, and a mortal enemy to contradiction; he would have made a notable tyrant, and flatterers would have had a good time of it in his reign.

If I consider my own interest, what have I to do with people who take it to be their privilege and birth-right to insult me?

What slavery is it to a ridiculous vanity, to hunt after the conversation of insolent greatness! what peace, what ease, what happiness does a man forego, who might be used as he pleased among his equals, and yet chuse to put himself upon the rack, to make a lord laugh!

Great men expect that lesser people should have that complaisance for them to be of their opinion, or at least, that those who depend upon them should submit blindly to their notions of right and wrong; this is a privilege we do not allow the priesthood themselves, and yet they presume their authority from the highest source.

We allow there is a true reason of state, and a true religion to be followed; but neither all priests, nor all statesmen have right notions of them. They would have the world of the same opinion with the man in Horace.

‘nam te

Scire Deos quoniam propius contingit, oportet.’

But we have an unlucky proverb against them in English. ‘The nearer from church or court, the further from God, and it may be the King’s service.’

The ambition of being intimate with our betters, runs through the most weak understandings of all ranks.

Go down in a stage coach with a parson’s wife, she tells you the name of all the sirs and the ladies in her county. How often she goes to see them; that they are continually sending for her; how they breed their sons, and what they give their daughters; but my lord bishop’s lady does not live if he is not once a week at——, and, one odd thing, which you may hardly believe, he never went to the assizes without her.

Necessity makes some people bow, and fear makes most people stand at a distance, and say—nothing.

The excesses and vices of great men set fatal and ruinous examples to their inferiors, and one might wish, upon this occasion, that their acquaintance and conversations were confined to one another.

Great men have many things to attract; first, our admiration, then our affections; and some people live safely and pleasantly with them; but those who never converse with them, are exempt from the power of many passions,

and are free from the pains of many afflictions. All human greatness had a beginning,—it has sometimes been founded upon honesty; if I am charmed with it, why should I not rather attempt to be one of those great ones, whose condition I so much admire, than to be contented with a second place, a dependance upon them. For, there is a *virtuous* as well as a *vicious* desire of greatness.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

ORDERS for household servants, first devised by John Haryngton, in the year 1566, and renewed by John Haryngton, sonne of the saide John, in the year 1592; the saide John, the sonne, being then high shrieve of county of Somerset.

Imprimis.—That no servant be absent from praier, at morning or evening, without a lawful excuse, to be alledged within one day after, upon payne of forfeit for every tyme, 2d.

2d. *Item.*—That none sweare any othe, upon payne, for every othe, 1d.

3d. *Item.*—That no man leave any doore open that he findeth shut, without there bee cause, upon payne, for every tyme, 1d.

4. *Item.*—That none of the men bee in bed from our Ladyday to Michaelmas, after six of the clock in the morning; nor out of his bed after ten of the clock at night; nor, from Michaelmas, till our Ladyday, in bed after seven in the morning; nor out after nine at night, without reasonable cause, on payne of 2d.

5. *Item.* That no man's bed be unmade, nor fire or candle-box uncleane, after eight of the clock in the morning, on paine of 1d.

6. *Item.*— * * * * *

7. *Item.*—That no man teach any of the children any unhonest speche, or baudie word, or othe, on paine of 4d.

8. *Item.*—That no man waite at the table without a trencher in his hand, except it be uppon some good cause, on paine of 1d.

9. *Item.*—That no man appointed to waite at table be absent that meale, without reasonable cause, on paine of 1d.

10. *Item.*—If a man breake a glasse, he shall answer the price thereof out of his wages; and, if it be not known who breake it, the butler shall pay for it, on paine of 12d.

11. *Item.*—The table must bee covered halfe an hour before eleven at dinner, and six at supper, on paine of 2d.

12. *Item.*—That meate bee ready at eleven, or before, at dinner; and six, or before, at supper, on paine of 6d.

13. *Item.*—That none be absent without leave or good cause, the whole day, or any part of it, on paine of 4d.

14. *Item.*—That no man strike his fellow, on paine of losse of service; nor revile or threaten or provoke another to strike, on paine of 12d.

15. *Item.*—That no man come to the kitchen without reasonable cause, on paine of 1d.—and the cook likewyse to forfeit 1d.

16. *Item.*—That none toy with the maids, on paine of 4d.

17. *Item.*—That no man weare foule shirt on Sunday, nor broken hose nor shooes, or doublett without buttons, on paine of 1d.

18. *Item.*—That when any stranger goeth hence, the chamber be dressed up againe within four hours after, on paine of 1d.

19. *Item.*—That the hall be made cleane every day, by eight in the winter, and seven in summer, on paine of him that should do it, to forfeit 1d.

20. *Item.*—That the court-gate be shutt at each meale, and not opened during dinner and supper, without just cause, on paine the porter to forfeit, for every time, 1d.

21. *Item.*—That all stayrs in the house, and other rooms that neede shall require, bee made cleane on Fry-day after dinner, on paine of forfeiture, of every one whom it shall belong unto, 3d.

All which sommes shall be duly paide each quarter-day, out of their wages, and bestowed on the poor or other godly use.

Original Poetry.

TO —.

I HAVE loved thee, although thou mayst deem
That love but suspiciously shown;
I do love thee, and beauty's bright beam,
For me, dwells in thine eyes alone.

The fervour and feeling that nurst love
In me, are not perish'd or past;
I feel, though thou wert not my first love,
Thou'rt destined, at least, for my last.

'Neath the glance of a heavenly eye,
I own that e'en now I may thrill,
But with rapture that never may die,
Thou only my bosom canst fill!

There are some who but love for an hour—
Some truer,—who love for a day;
But my love is of strength and of power,
That may know not of change or decay.

J. W. DALBY.

THE MURDERER'S SOLILOQUY: A FRAGMENT.

'Twas such a night, so dark, so drear;
No ray the deepening gloom to cheer,—
No soothing sound, no distant gleam,
To rouse me from so dread a dream.
Dark as my soul, on murder bent,
Appear'd the cloud-hung firmament:
A deadly stupor reign'd below,
That blood unheard unseen might flow!
The tempting steel was in my grasp;
I sought the roof where dwelt my foe,—
And, as he lay in beauty's clasp,
I dealt the fatal murd'rous blow!
See! see!—again, again he bleeds,—
I feel his lip-blood gushing now!
I feel it burn my branded brow,—
I gaze upon one red expanse,
That sears my eyes, that blights my glance,
Spreading throughout my burning brain,
A wild, a madd'ning hell of pain!
Is there no sleep for evil deeds?
Why does each hollow blast that moans
Remind me of his dying groans?
Why does the mist, in midnight's gloom,
My victim's ghastly form assume,
And chase me to that ruby flood
In which I plung'd him in his blood?
Oh! come, oblivious death, I pray,
Or give me back the cheering day,

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To scare the hideous phantom brood
That haunt me in my solitude!
Yet vainly do I sigh for day,—
It cannot smile the deed away!
It cannot wrench guilt's barbed dart
From out this lacerated heart.—
It cannot still my bosom's strife,
Or wake the murder'd dead to life.
See, see, the widow'd maniac—see!
Widow'd and frenzy'd!—both by me;
Rous'd from a dream of heavenly bliss
By a polluted murderer's kiss!
Torn from her sanction'd resting place,
To madden in a fiend's embrace;
She was my heaven,—my all of good,
For which I dar'd to wade thro' blood,
Self-exil'd from the haunts of man,
A fiend, proscrib'd by heaven's ban!
She comes! oh night, with tenfold gloom,
Close round me, make this spot my tomb!
Ah! drag her, drag her hence—off! off!
Hark how the grinning demons scoff!—
They rend me. Oh! blood—blood!
'Tis just * * *

Y. F.

Queen Street, Cheapside.

TO THE FAIR INEXORABLE, E. B., SOHO.

Each night thy scornful image meets my view,
Obscuring hope's bright gleams with sombre hue;
Each morn, awaking from the shades of night,
My sorrows I recall, and loathe the sun's fair light,
Than thee less fair; perchance, some roving thought
Of thy pure mind, with tender fancies fraught,
May gently light upon my speechless woes,
And thy impassion'd soul burn to afford repose
To my deep anguish. Then shall joy take place
Of harsher feelings, that impress my face
And anxious brow with the rude stamp of care.
No longer shall such harrowing traits rule there!
But in their stead shall bright-eyed joyfulness,
And brow-composing heart-felt cheerfulness,
Light up my soul with ardent fire of youth,
And give each wayward feature nature's truth
And fair proportion;—then shall the god of love
His quiver's silver-tipp'd burthen prove,
Against thy heart, nor find it still secure
Against his well-tim'd arrows to endure;
But gently piercing to its inmost core,
Shall light a tender flame unknown before?
Then shall our hearts with equal fervour beat,
And mutual love afford an endless treat,
11th Sept. 1818. * * M.

Fine Arts.

GIOTTO.

It was in the mind of Giotto, the object of the highest ambition and glory, to acquire the fine expression of nature, which he attained to so great a degree of excellence, as to be honoured by his cotemporaries with the most flattering designation of 'the pupil of nature.' His style, though not free from defects or deficiencies, was at least directed to good views, and to the improvement of the art to which he was fondly attached, and which he therefore pursued with ardour and success. He most properly contributed to explode the hard and dry Gothic style, and substituted, with very great success, the

expression and action of nature, adorned with grace and chastened with sobriety. The works of Giotto were those of a rude yet faithful and sentimental historian, and of a romantic and wild, but untutored muse. He adopted neither ideality nor allegory, but the simple and unaffected representation of the ecclesiastical or scriptural incidents, which he really believed to be authentic, although some of them were legendary fictions. In his pictures of the Madonna, or *the Mother of God*, as she is termed in the Catholic church, he heightened the grand effect by the introduction of choirs of saints and angels, disposed in regular order around the throne of God. Amongst his chief scholars were, Taddeo, Gaddis, and Puccio Capanna. The aptness of his designing—his beauty of composition,—his truth of expression,—and grace of action, superseded the pristine necessity of explanatory labels, to describe the subjects of his works; and he relinquished the use of them. The expression of his countenances were sufficiently powerful without the Gothic addition of words to express their meaning. The very great progress which he made in the art, can only be accounted for by reason of his attentive study of the reliques of the antique at Florence, which he appears not merely to have successfully copied, but of which he imbibed the actual spirit; at the least, so it appears by his square forms,—his character of heads—his majestic breadth of folds in drapery—and the grave, affecting, and appropriate attitudes of figure.

He was born in the year 1276, and was raised by Cimabue from the humble station of a pastoral shepherd, attending bleating flocks, to the task of gloriously assisting to disencumber the arts from the trammels of barbaric imperfection. He was a pupil of the celebrated Cimabue, and was a warm friend of the illustrious poet Dante, whose celebrated and only portrait now extant he painted. He was by that poet applauded in eulogetic verse, as having attained the supreme summit of art—that almost infinite degree of excellence, which, perhaps, no artist ever yet acquired; but this may be in part accounted for by the admirable revolution which Giotto effected in painting, and by the emulating *impetus* which he excited in favour of the fine arts. He painted portraits of Brunetti, and many other persons, celebrated for noble birth and great talents. He gained very great applause for the talent with which he executed 32 pictures in the church of St. Francisco at Assisi, illustrative of the life of that saint, which works, although decayed, are still extant. He was patronised by Pope Benedict IX., who employed him to paint in the Vatican and in St. Peter's, and thus commenced the regular pontifical employment of artists. He was also subsequently employed by Clement the V. He painted at Florence many performances, which the great Buonarrotti and other succeeding artists studied and much applauded. He died in the year 1336, aged 60. In consequence of his advancement of art, within fourteen years after his death, the now still existing academy of St. Luke was established, from which excellent institution many very illustrious artists have sprung. * * T.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—On Friday, the play of *King Richard the Second* was performed at this theatre, in order to present Mr. Kean in the character of the ill-fated monarch. This play has never been a favourite; it has

nothing whatever to recommend it but the acting of Mr. Kean, and it must die on his quitting the stage, for the want of a fit representative of its hero. Mr. Kean exhibits an affecting portrait of the wretched and humiliated monarch. In the violent but transient bursts of passion, and the sudden sinkings of the heart, whenever disastrous news reaches the ear of Richard, he exerted a sympathy which the historical account of the monarch does by no means warrant. We think Mr. Elliston might have appropriated the few remaining nights of Mr. Kean's engagement, to more attractive pieces than such as Richard the Second, or Leon, in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, which was performed on Saturday night, most wretchedly; the play was cut down so as to render it almost unintelligible, and the subordinate characters were filled in a manner which would disgrace any stage. This seemed to have a chilling influence on Mr. Kean himself, who played the character of Leon very carelessly, if we except the scenes with his wife and the duke, when he comes to discover and vindicate himself, in which he displayed a manly spirit and energy which produced the happiest effect. The part of Estifania was admirably performed by Mrs. Edwin, whose vivacity and humour excited continual mirth and applause.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The much admired opera of *Guy Mannering* was produced at this theatre on Wednesday night, in a very splendid manner. Mr. Braham was the Henry Bertram of the evening, and he executed the incidental songs and some others which he introduced with the most brilliant effect. Among those introduced by him, were 'the Death of Abercrombie,' 'Oh! the days are gone,' from the Irish melodies; 'the Sun his bright Rays,' from the opera of Zuma; and 'Bruce's address to his Army,' which was twice encored. He also sang the 'Echo duet' from the Americans, with Miss R. Corri. This lady gave new interest to the character of Julia Mannering, by the skill and grace with which she displayed a fine voice and an agreeable person. Mrs. Garrick performed the part of Lucy Bertram, and was well received. Meg Merrilies fell into the hands of a Mrs. Dalton, who supported the character respectably. Dominie Sampson had its favourite representative, Liston, who, (if possible) appeared to more advantage than at the larger theatre; his exquisite power of countenance and irresistibly comic gesticulation, were now fully felt, and could be accurately observed in all parts of the theatre. The house was crowded to excess, and the opera was received throughout with the most abundant applause.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—This elegant place of entertainment attracts crowded houses to witness the romantic and melancholy adventures of *Baron Trenck*, and the terrific splendours of the *Vampire*. These being the only performances at present, leave nothing further for the critic to say respecting them.

SURREY THEATRE.—A new serious melodrama, founded on Miss Joanna Baillie's tragedy of Raynor, has been produced at this theatre, under the title of the *Victim, or the Mother and the Mistress*; it is a very interesting and affecting tale, and with the excellent acting of Miss Taylor, Mr. Huntley, Watkins, and Fitzwilliam, elicited bursts of approbation. It will, no doubt, be added to the extensive stock list of this theatre.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The exertions of Mr. Payne to render this theatre attractive, by a rapid succession of novelties, is deserving of much praise; he has already res-

cued it from the disgrace into which it had sunk during the last two or three seasons, and, if it continues under his management, we do not despair of seeing 'the aquatic theatre' as popular as it was twenty years ago.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

As the solar eclipse of Thursday the 7th instant, was the greatest that has taken place for a period of fifty-six years, we doubt not but our scientific readers will be gratified by the observations that were made on it in different parts of the British empire, as well as in Paris, and which we now proceed to lay before them.

London.—The day proved very favourable to the inhabitants of the metropolis and its environs for observing the eclipse; the light fleecy clouds that occasionally passed over the sun by no means obstructed the view of it, and, with the exception of a very few minutes, the progress of the eclipse was visible from the beginning to the end. Although ten and a quarter out of twelve parts, into which the solar orb is astronomically divided, were obscured, the decrease of light was not so great as was generally expected. The thermometer at the royal observatory at Greenwich, fell three degrees during the time of the greatest obscuration. The following observations were made by a gentleman in Cornhill.

At nine o'clock, the thermometer stood at 58 deg. the barometer at 29 deg. 925 (Cornhill level); the standard barometer at the Royal Exchange at the same period was at 30m. 051, the thermometer at 60. The first impression upon the sun's disc was observed at 23m. 30s. past 12 o'clock; Greenwich mean time, (or astronomically, 0 deg. 23m. 30s.) being 15s. previous to the time laid down in the Ephemeris; the thermometer at 68. At 45m. past 12, at 69½ 15m. past 1, at 68½. The barometer at this period had risen and assumed a much more convex surface. The following variations took place in the thermometer:—

At 30 min. past 1, . . .	67½	At 15 min. past 2, . . .	64
45 ditto . . .	67	25 ditto . . .	65
50 ditto . . .	66½	30 ditto . . .	66
Two o'clock, . . .	65½	Three o'clock . . .	68

At 14m. 24s. past three o'clock, the impression left the sun's disc, the thermometer at 71, the barometer as at the commencement. At two o'clock, Venus was visible through a small telescope, but no other planet or star.

Gosport Observatory, Sept. 7.—The eclipse of to-day excited great interest in this neighbourhood, and was viewed, under favourable circumstances of the weather, with admiration. The beginning of the eclipse, or the appulse of the moon on the sun's northern limb, took place at * 0h. 16m. 37s.

Visible conjunction, or time of new moon . . . 1 43 53

Greatest obscuration of the sun's disc . . . 1 46 23

End of the eclipse, or separation of the limbs of the sun and moon . . . 3 10 6

The portion of the sun eclipsed at the greatest obscuration, was digits 10½deg. nearly out of 128. This was the greatest solar eclipse that has happened in this part of Europe since the year 1764; and, indeed, of all those that will again happen here before the year 1847. In certain places, as in the Shetland islands, Hanover, Frankfort, Munich, &c. it was annular, or shewed the appearance of a ring round the body of the moon. In latitude 81. 39. 29. north, and longitude 32. 55. west, at 59. 3. (our time) P. M. the sun and moon rose together; the sun with a beautiful ring of light round the moon. In latitude 27. 10. 30. north, and longitude 46. 2. 4. east, at 3h. 12m. 35s. (our time) P. M. the sun set with the same ring of light round the body of the moon. The total duration of this eclipse to the inhabitants of the earth, was 5h.

* Mean or clock time.

17m.; but, at no one place in particular, was the duration much more than half that time. At 20m. past one, P. M. Venus was seen with the naked eye, shining with a white light in the W. by S. point of the compass, and by a sextant, 40. 55. distant from the centre of the sun—viewed through an inverting achromatic telescope, she represented an illuminated crescent, only equal to what is shewn by the moon at her entering her second quarter; and it was full an hour before she was hidden by a cloud. At 50 minutes past one, P. M. the planet Mars presented himself to the naked eye: he shone with a full orb of a bright gold colour, was 36°. to the east of and above the path of the sun, and continued in sight about ten minutes. At the greatest obscuration, the sun only presented to our view a small red crescent, similar to that of the moon two or three days old. The moon's edge was well defined on the sun's disc, and her body appeared like a spherical mass of cooling iron. The nearest comparison we could draw on the existing light at the greatest obscuration is, that it was only equal to that of sunset, or an early crepusculum, when the sun has verged 2deg. or 3deg. under the horizon, with this difference, that the light was stronger, and the shade considerably darker, but the clouds not tinged with prismatic colours, as they are generally by the horizontal radiation at sunset. At 2 P. M. the difference in the increment of light was scarcely distinguishable. The sky was then free from clouds, and of a dark blue colour; and the distant clouds near the horizon lost part of their light, and descended in the lower atmosphere, as is frequently observed at or soon after sunset, when the dew is falling. The birds, too, both small and great, flew over, as if hastening to their nocturnal places of abode. In an hour and a half after the commencement of the eclipse, Fahrenheit's thermometer sunk from 70. to 60.; nor would a burning-glass at that time set tinder on fire.—A similar thermometer that was exposed more to the fresh S. E. breeze, sunk to 58deg.; so that a diminution of more than the 1-6th took place in the diurnal temperature by the influence of the eclipse. By 4 P. M. the thermometer had again risen to 60deg. The barometer rose 1-100th, and sunk 3-100ths of an inch; and De Luc's whalebone hygrometer ranged from 51d. to 57d. during the eclipse.

Edinburgh.—The cultivators of astronomy in this place were greatly disappointed in not having an opportunity of observing the most remarkable eclipse of the sun that has happened for many years. The Calton-hill was the observatory station principally resorted to on the occasion. A number of persons appeared on Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, while others paraded near their base during the calculated time of the sun's immersion; but the heavy clouds which had all the morning overhung the city, and which remained nearly stationary till about three quarters of an hour after meridian, admitted but seldom any reflection of the sun's rays that was powerful enough to inspire hope in those who 'kept watch,' rather than awaited the gratification of curiosity.—At about a quarter past two, however, a distinct view of the phenomenon was obtained for a few minutes, in some situations, through flying clouds: the end of the eclipse, although invisible in the city, was distinctly observed at the distance of a few miles in the country, towards the south. About the middle of the eclipse, the darkness which pervaded this quarter was about equal to the gloom of twilight.

At Perth and its neighbourhood, it was only partially observed. No change of temperature was perceptible by the most delicate thermometers, and the diminution of light was not very remarkable.

At Stirling, the weather was not favourable for observing the eclipse; and we suspect, for the same reason, that the inhabitants of the neighbouring counties had little, if any advantage over us.

At Ayr, the eclipse was not observed at all; nor was it visible at Glasgow, but was seen very well in some places farther west. Between Rothsay and Greenock, the view of it was particularly favourable, as the light clouds (cumulo-strati) served to mitigate the brightness of the sun and render the

advance of the moon perfectly seen with the naked eye. The ring was complete except at the north-east quarter. The appearance at this time was very beautiful. No change of temperature was perceptible by the thermometer, and the diminution of light was not at all remarkable.

Paris, 8th Sept.—The weather yesterday was extremely favourable for the observation of the eclipse of the sun. This phenomenon could add nothing to the precision of astronomical authorities, but it will furnish the means of calculating the comparative longitudes of all the points of the globe in which the beginning and end of the eclipse may happen to be exactly determined. We subjoin these two elements in sidereal time as marked at the royal observatory of Paris:—

Commencement 11h. 45' 15"
End 11. 34 57

A thermometer, exposed to the shade and towards the north, fell in the interval between the commencement and middle of the eclipse 2° centigrades; another thermometer, enclosed in a metallic case and exposed to the sun, fell during the same period 12° centigrades.

Eclipse of the Moon.—On Friday next there will be a very considerable eclipse of the moon, leaving but one-twelfth of the orb visible:—

Beginning of the eclipse 4 h. 49m. morning.
Moon sets 5 46
Middle of the eclipse 6 18
End of the eclipse 7 46

A phenomenon not less interesting to astronomers will be the passage, on the 21st and 22d of this month, of the disc of the moon very close to the planets Jupiter and Saturn, which we see every evening shining in the east, in the constellation of Aquarius and Pisces.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A Critique on the Picture of the Queen's Entry into Jerusalem, in our next.

The poetical communications of L., Sam Spritsail, and Mr. Newman, in an early number.

A 'Picture of Leucadia,' in our next.

Errata: p. 589, col. 2, l. 19, for 'back' read 'bark'; l. 35, for 'task' read 'lash.'

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

A singular will of a gentleman near Hackney, was brought to the Bank, from the Commons, to be registered, on account of stock bequeathed by it. Among other curious legacies is the following:—'I give unto my sister Susanna five pounds of money of Great Britain, one long hair broom, a winney, a dust shovel, two hand-brushes, both to be used at one time, and one pound of the best rappee snuff, which I am sure will compleat her happiness in this world, and the world to come.'

A mantua-maker having been employed by a servant to make a gown, and refusing to deliver it until she was paid for the making, received the following ludicrous notice from the servant's master: 'Parsons,—this is to give you notice, that if you don't bring or send home my servant's gown, I shall serve you with an attachment of attorney, according to the statute in that case made and provided, which says, "That if any labourer or hireling shall refuse to work, try, fit, and finish, and work, and when so done to send the same to the employer, (stoppage being no payment,) shall forfeit the sum of ten pounds." And I shall certainly put the act in force against you.'

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